

Dragon Kingdom

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Dagur, Hiccup, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-07-21 00:59:17

Updated: 2014-07-21 00:59:17

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:03:19

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 5,342

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hiccup is innocently relaxing with Toothless one night when Dagur arrives in his lonesome. Having been stripped of his chief status, he no longer sees a reason to live, and begs Hiccup to take his life or be subjected to torture. NSFW

1. Chapter 1

****Warnings for dubcon and insinuations of past sexual abuse.**
A****also, note that this story takes place directly after the ending of Cast Out, maybe a month or so post ending. Therefore, Hiccup is under the impression that Dagur is dead/gone, as he should be. This also contains heavy references to my other Dagur-centric story, The Disappointment (hence the insinuations of past sexual abuse). You can probably still read this and understand what's going on, but this story will mean a Hell of a lot more to you if you read The Disappointment first. Allow me to mention one last thing; this was originally a oneshot, but I had to break it up due to the fact that it was far lengthier than initially planned. With all that said, please enjoy.**

* * *

><p>Dragon Kingdom: Part One

* * *

><p>Give it up to me
__Give it up to me
>_Do you wanna be
>_My angel?
>_So help me_

* * *

><p>The summer night was crisp and cold, as it always was on Berk. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III was gently caressing the inky scales of

his best friend, Toothless, as the two of them perched on a grassy hill overlooking the forest. It was a beautiful night, warm as it could be for a place like Berk. Hiccup felt the heat emanate from his dragon friend and a smile twitched onto his freckled visage. He felt the most at peace when he was with his dragon. Resting his head upon Toothless' side, he received a loving trill, and the large reptile curled a bit closer to him.<p>

This particular hillside was one of the few places Hiccup could go to for solitude with his closest friend. The cove was, naturally, one of his most favorite places, and it wasn't to say that surprise visits from Astrid weren't pleasant - because they were - it was merely that sometimes Hiccup wanted to be with Toothless and Toothless alone. That was, after all, where he felt happiest.

"You know bud," Hiccup murmured, nuzzling Toothless' warm flesh. "There's no where I'd rather be than right here, with-"

A twig snapped in the forest, a few feet away from their resting spot.

Toothless' head shot up and he looked in the direction of the sound, eyes calculating and aware. Hiccup flinched and retained a groan that was bubbling at his throat as he dramatically rolled his eyes. If it were another dragon, Toothless probably would have held no interest. It must've been one of his friends.

"All right Astrid," Hiccup called out as he turned to face the sound. Only darkness met him, the trees lurking in the distance, hiding whoever it was. "Come on out!"

There was no response, and Hiccup watched as Toothless' eyes narrowed, his nostrils flaring as his scales bristled. A tight lipped frown overwhelmed Hiccup's face, before he glanced back to the forest, now mildly wary.

"...Snotlout?" He shouted. Still, nothing. "Ruff? Tuff? Come on guys, you're not funny."

There was utter silence for several moments as Hiccup and Toothless, still nestled together, watched the forest for any sign of life. Suddenly, another snap of a breaking twig echoed into the murky shadows and Toothless immediately began to growl viciously.

"Uhhh... Yeah, that's not a good sign." Hiccup murmured to himself, sitting up with caution. Toothless was always defensive for good reason.

Without any further warning, a figure stepped forth from the black depths of the woods. The sole feature that stood out were the two uneven horns perched atop their head, no doubt stolen from a Monstrous Nightmare long ago. Hiccup paled.

"Dagur?" He hoarsely choked out.

"Oh Hiccup," sang the playful voice of none other than Dagur the Deranged in a gentle, yet cruel tone. "Did you really think that you could get rid of me so _easily?_"

Dagur stepped a bit closer, enough so that the moonlight could

illuminate his wicked features. A sharp grin accented his face.

Toothless' growling was steadily growing louder, and he leapt to his feet, snapping his teeth at Dagur. Dagur did not seem alarmed in the slightest at this offensive advancement, and instead only appeared amused by the violent behavior. He chuckled.

"What's the matter, Hiccup? You look like you've seen a _ghost_." Dagur sneered.

"How did you..." Hiccup whispered, incapable of vocally completing the inquiry.

"Survive?" Dagur finished for him. A tinge of something hurt flitted over his face momentarily, but enough so that Hiccup couldn't tell if it was part of his act or if it was something he genuinely felt. "Hiccup, old friend, you've known me since birth. To think you'd want to get rid of me so bad!" He tsked.

When Hiccup didn't respond, instead staring back with a concerned, disquieted expression, Toothless only snarled louder and snapped his teeth at Dagur again in warning.

"Now now, Mr. Nightfury." Dagur cooed as he continued to close in on the two of them, outstretching a hand. "I'm not here to hurt your petite, _weak_ little rider."

A sturdy glare slowly crawled onto Hiccup's face as he came to a stand, directly behind his angered dragon, who hissed at Dagur's hand and leapt forward to snap at it. Dagur retracted quick enough to avoid it, before raising a brow and settling on grunting in offense.

"What _are_ you doing here, then?" Hiccup finally asked.

"I'm here to offer you a deal." Dagur grinned, his eyes brightening.

"Oh for the love of- for the last time, Dagur, you are not getting Toothless." Hiccup responded in an exasperated tone.

"You didn't let me finish, Hiccup!" Dagur threw up his hands in his own form of vexation. "You never let anyone finish, you know that? Always with your _snarky_ little comments!"

Hiccup rose a brow at the sudden outburst, mouth opening in a small gape before he shut it, silencing himself.

Dagur huffed, before he began to pace back and forth. "When my _father_ used to rule before me, he was always so into this stupid idea of his that it was a good thing to keep the peace. You know how many times he got pushed over because of that? And you! You planned to do the same. You planned to walk all over him like everyone else, with your dumb little dragon army. Well, I didn't want that to happen! And look where it got me? I'm an exile, you know that? The new leader of the Berserkers is my sister. At least she knows the importance of war. Better her than some random... Cretin, some weak coward that would just be another version of my _father_."

Dagur seemed to dramatically fall further into his rant, as though Hiccup weren't there anymore. Hiccup glanced to Toothless, who was now a bit less aggressive and more confused, much like himself.

"You know, if we'd just went to war all those years ago, my mother would still be alive?" Dagur paused at this, glaring harshly at the ground. "If we went to war, he would've... I wouldn't have had to..." He rolled his eyes and continued pacing. "Well, it doesn't matter! Now we went to war, Great is dead, my mother and father are dead, and I might as well be. Which... Is where you come in." Dagur then looked at him, finally addressing him.

"Uhh," Hiccup murmured in mild confusion. "How, exactly, am I going to help you with... Whatever it is that you want?" His brows then furrowed. "And why would I want to?"

"Simple." Dagur's lips spread into a smile, but it didn't reach his eyes. "It will help you out too, _brother_. All you have to do... Is kill me."

Hiccup stared at him with an utter deadpan for several moments, before he finally responded with, "What."

"Go ahead!" Dagur stepped forward, causing Toothless' frills to shoot up in defense. Dagur brandished an axe from the back of his sash and thrust it in Hiccup's direction. "This is the same axe that killed both my father and my grandfather." He leered.

"Whoa whoa whoa," Hiccup took a step back, holding up his hands. "I'm not going to - to kill you with an axe, Dagur! What are you, insane?" He paused, before realizing what he'd just asked and shook his head. "Ugh - nevermind that last part."

"_Fine_," Dagur rolled his eyes. "You don't have to use the axe. You can have your Nightfury there shoot me. Fire _is_ an honorable death."

Toothless seemed ecstatic at this command, before he made a soft grunting sound and began to charge up a plasma blast.

"Toothless, down." Hiccup demanded, flicking his dragon on the ear and receiving an annoyed sigh in response. "Dagur!" Hiccup exclaimed. "I'm not- I'm not going to kill you! Why would you want that anyway?"

"A chief is not meant to live past his chiefhood, Hiccup." Dagur's eyes darkened. "It's bad news."

"Listen," Hiccup groaned. "It's not my fault you have... Dad issues, okay? That's... I'm not going to just kill you-!"

"My sister refused already, and you're my last chance, Hiccup." Dagur glared, before coming forth. "Give me an honorable death or I will make you _suffer_."

"Yeah?" Hiccup responded facetiously. "And how do you plan on doing that?"

The moment Dagur took hold of his collar and dragged him forth, Hiccup _really_ wished he hadn't just asked. That was the only

coherent thought he was able to conjure up before Dagur's lips were forced upon his own in a harsh, bruising kiss, smothering lips against lips. It only lasted a few seconds before he was released and Dagur stepped back, sporting a menacing glare.

Hiccup blinked rapidly, his mouth opening and shutting as a sharp tingling shot all over his face and caused his heart to pick up.

"Iuhhhhhhhh," he slurred for a moment before coming to his senses. "What- _that's_ how you want to torture me? With kisses?"

Dagur blinked in surprise, apparently not grasping that this didn't seem to bother Hiccup - or rather, not comprehending why it didn't. At least, not to the extent he'd thought it would.

"No, not with - ugh. I plan to torture you the way that _true_ torture is meant to happen! Don't you understand? Pain is more than... Dismembering someone, it's more than crushing their skull. It's... It's..." He trailed off, before his fists clenched. "Losing yourself!"

"Um," Hiccup responded, his brows twisting in confusion. He hated when Dagur got like this. He could never understand what the guy was trying to say.

He clutched Hiccup's shoulders and brought him forward, so that their chests were momentarily flush, and bent down to press their noses together, glaring him directly in the eyes.

"It's your choice, Hiccup."

Hiccup was taken back by the sudden proximity, and glanced to Toothless for help. Toothless, however, seemed a bit shocked himself. Maybe it was because he couldn't understand what was going on. Maybe it was because he did understand what was going on. Either would've been equally baffling.

"Um," Hiccup's voice cracked as he awkwardly attempted to step back, but was held in place by Dagur's firm grip. "How about - neither?"

Dagur's eyes seemed to soften, and a laugh gently flowing from his lips, before his expression once again transitioned into steely rage and he threw Hiccup to the ground.

"You think that your funny can get you out of this, don't you?"

This time, Toothless did seem perturbed, and his frills shot up on either side of his head as he took upon a defensive position, growling as he stepped closer.

"Toothless, no!" Hiccup commanded as the Nightfury seemed about to maul the man atop of him. He then turned to Dagur, glaring. "Dagur, this is stupid. I mean... I can't say that I forgive you. Not right now, anyway. But death? Your own death? That's not the answer. And neither is... Whatever else you're trying to do."

"You just don't get it, _do_ you, Hiccup?!" Dagur practically shouted in his face, claspings his shoulders and bringing him up before

pushing him against the ground with even more force, gaining a wince in response. "I've run up my time! The only reason I came to existence was to be - to be - and now, I'm... Not!"

Dagur's expression told Hiccup that he was desperate for the younger boy to understand him, to feel what he felt, to grasp what he was getting at, despite his broken sentences.

"Dagur..." Hiccup tried, earnestly, attempting to coax him as he lifted a hand to gently press at his chest. "Come on."

* * *

><p>Next chapter is where the bum buckin' bits are. It's like 2900 words of pure rumpy pumpy. I hope you'll all enjoy.

2. Chapter 2

Dragon Kingdom: Part Two

* * *

><p>Do you wanna die?
>Do you wanna die?
Do you wanna die?_
>I promise you
>I will treat you well

* * *

><p>"Dagur..." Hiccup tried, earnestly, attempting to coax him as he lifted a hand to gently press at his chest. "Come on."<p>

Dagur stared at him silently for a few moments, until finally - for a fraction of a second - a look of disappointed resignation crossed over his face and he slammed his lips against Hiccup's. Hiccup gasped instantly, and Dagur forced his tongue inside, beginning to trail it over the roof of his mouth, to his cheeks and Hiccup's own tongue. He pushed his hips forward, rubbing them deeply against Hiccup's, and Hiccup was so overwhelmed with shock he couldn't even resist the heat that pooled over his face and the quiet sound of pleasure that escaped his throat.

No no no no - this was more than just a kiss. This was further than anything Hiccup had ever felt before, and yet, he recognized the tinge of heat edging into his system. He was familiar with the arousal that was beginning to swell within him. The feelings he'd felt with Astrid prior to this particular situation - the sultry looks accented with indignant and hesitant pecks on his lips. And yet, those couldn't compare to what Hiccup felt right then.

And it terrified him.

Hiccup pushed violently at Dagur's chest when he realized what was going on, and cringed as a spark of pleasure ignited when their hips collided once more. He could feel Dagur's hardness in his leggings. Suddenly, Hiccup understood why Dagur had considered this torturous before. It was just that - it was confusing and disorienting and it felt _good_, and that in itself was enough to cause guilt to ripple

at his psyche.

Dagur finally released his mouth, drawing a soft nibble against his bottom lip and sending him a half lidded, serious gaze. He began to kiss down Hiccup's cheek, to his jawline, all the while holding him down to the ground and occasionally grinding their crotches together.

"Nnn-o-" Hiccup gasped out. "Dagur, wait-"

Dagur licked at his neck, grazing his teeth over it enough to bring a sting of pain but not enough so that it broke skin. The agonizing pleasure was smoldering and was causing Hiccup's head to spin. Dagur's movements were fluid yet reluctant.

"This is how you hurt the people you care about." Dagur whispered into his skin. "This is how you destroy them."

Something of a choked whine tugged at Dagur's throat as he forced their hips together with more fervor this time, causing Hiccup to outright moan.

"This is how you destroy _yourself_."

Hiccup wasn't really close to fathoming what Dagur was getting at, mostly because Dagur was practically speaking to himself at this point. Still, he did catch one thing that stood out to him.

"You ca-are about me?" He gasped, his words hitching when Dagur released one of his hands to tear through his tunic. Now was really not the time to discover subsurface emotions, but the implication took him so far off guard that for a moment, he was detracted from the situation at hand.

Dagur sat up with a glare, halting everything as he stared down at Hiccup with a look that screamed detestation. Hiccup stared back in flustered shock, confused and now a little horny.

Dagur continued to eye him for several moments, before he literally leaned forward and yanked off Hiccup's trousers. Hiccup gasped and instantly tucked his knees in on himself, the cold air causing goosebumps to rise all over his exposed skin.

Suddenly, he felt more than unsure and confused and turned on. He felt violated.

And worse yet, that only fed the flame of his arousal.

Dagur's eyes devoured his frame, and suddenly, the atmosphere changed for him as well. Something far more lustful and tender came along, and it was as though that this - whatever _this_ was - became more than a mere punishment to him (if 'mere' were a proper way to describe anything about Dagur).

"Ah- Dagur, stop-!" Hiccup keened out when Dagur leaned down and began to run his hands over his chest, coming to his knees and prying them apart. "Stop, I-I-"

He didn't want this, he didn't want this, he didn't want this.

"You know," Dagur murmured against his skin, grinning into it. "I've wanted to do this before."

Hiccup felt his cock twitch at the insinuation, and he bit down on his lip, squirming against Dagur's hands that grasped at his every inch of skin. Dagur ground their hips together steadily now, the harsh fabric of his clothing forming a painful yet exhilarating friction that made Hiccup stutter out weak groans.

"Oh Thor-" He wheezed when Dagur began to kiss down his naval.
"Dagur, no, stop-"

"You don't want me to, do you? You feel it too, don't you, Hiccup?" Dagur whispered into his skin.

Hiccup thought he was losing his mind and bit down on his lip, fighting the desire to press his hips back against Dagur.

"I want you. If you can't give me death, Hiccup..." He reached the beginning of Hiccup's pubic curls, licking the skin just above it.
"...Then give me yourself."

His tongue pressed to the tip of Hiccup's dick, and Hiccup gasped loudly, feeling a sweet, dangerous arousal shoot through his skin at the pleasurable contact. Dagur began to mouth incoherent words over his cock, mumbling things as he licked it, lathering the hardened rod with sincere desire. He pressed a finger against Hiccup's ballsack, rubbing it down the thin line before using his entire hand to roll the balls around, tugging at them playfully. Hiccup was gasping for breath and holding back tiny grunts and whines; he was sure his face was on fire.

"N-no, Dagur... Ahh..." He whimpered, and then, accidentally, made eye contact with Toothless.

Toothless was sitting there, staring at the two of them with utmost curiosity, his eyes dilated and ears perked, nostrils making sniffing motions as he sat a foot or so away, frills trembling in concentration as he attempted to discover what was going on. Somehow, the very concept of his best friend witnessing what was going on only served to add to both Hiccup's trepidation with the coital endeavor as well as his sheer need to orgasm. His penis twitched as Toothless tilted his head to the side, not daring to come closer.

Dagur pressed a finger up his ass with no warning. It was slick with something - Hiccup wasn't sure what, because he was rather positive it was too thick and goopy to be his saliva, and made it's way in with shocking ease. Hiccup gasped out at the tiny sting, but it felt no worse than the ghost aches he'd get from his missing leg from time to time. It was then that it hit him - the need to be filled, his ass pushed to the limit with Dagur's thick girth.

"Hnmg-" Hiccup whined, pressing against his finger. "Dag-ur-"

"You want me?" Dagur breathed against his cock as he pressed in another finger, his voice full of lust as he gazed up at Hiccup's reddened visage. "You want me inside of you, Hiccup?"

He was afraid to admit it, but it was true. He did want it. He wanted Dagur. Hiccup released a moan as he forced his hips down against the

fingers, pushing them in deeper and silently begging for another.

Dagur chuckled into his hip and added a third finger, wiggling them around and stretching Hiccup's tight anal passage. He began to gradually thrust them in and out, still absently kissing at Hiccup's cock between his own chortles. Hiccup was losing himself in the pleasure of it all; the stretching, the need, the desire. It was burning through him like Toothless' flame through the Red Death. He arched his back and cried out when Dagur pressed against his prostate, tickling it and causing flames to lick through Hiccup's legs.

"Tell me how bad you want me," Dagur commanded as he nuzzled the base of Hiccup's cock.

"I..." He swallowed thickly, gazing up at the stars in a daze, shifting himself down further against Dagur's fingers. "I-"

"Tell me," Dagur repeated, and there was now something a bit more desperate about his tone as he began to slowly shift his fingers in a thrusting motion.

"I want you - so bad, Dagur..." Hiccup whispered, his adam's apple bobbing up and down as he swallowed and screwed his eyes shut.

"You wanna belong to me?" Dagur murmured, voice wavering as though he were on the verge of tears. "You wanna - change - you wanna... Change everything?"

Hiccup had no idea what Dagur was going on about now. He nodded furiously, becoming almost impatient. "Yeah - Dagur, yeah - just... Just-"

"You wanna be a different kind of brother?" Dagur's lips were now at his ear, whispering into it as he removed his fingers. There was a high pitched sort of grunt that died in Dagur's throat to punctuate this sentiment, and he attempted to mask it with a brittle laugh.

Dagur was rubbing some sort of liquid on his own dick now, and he threw a small bottle to the side. It landed beside Toothless, who sniffed it in interest. He was now less invested in what was going on between the two boys - or rather, he was looking away almost bashfully. If Hiccup were completely in his right mind, he would have realized that Toothless now knew exactly what they were doing, and was almost embarrassed to witness it.

However, Hiccup's attention was more focused on how Dagur was sliding back up his body, hands running down his sides, lips on his neck. His thick cock pressed against Hiccup's loosened hole, and he fought the urge to tense upon impact. Hiccup's brows furrowed as he buried his face into Dagur's neck, hands flying up to clutch his shoulders when Dagur slowly began to push himself inside.

Hiccup cried out, but Dagur didn't stop, as though he didn't acknowledge that Hiccup was actually another human being. Dagur kept a steady pace until he reached as far as he could go, and they both released a shuddering breath. Hiccup pushed his nose against Dagur's neck, the metal of his helmet feeling refreshing against Hiccup's

forehead as he inhaled the musky scent of his hair.

At an almost painfully slow pace, Dagur pulled back, before pushing in again. His hips were trembling, and Dagur began to release quiet pants into Hiccup's own neck as Hiccup latched onto him as though his life depended on it. Dagur continued with this deliberate pace, making sure that he could really get in and out without any issues. He turned slightly so that he and Hiccup were face to face, and Hiccup opened his eyes to be met with Dagur's.

Something about the sincerity that swam in Dagur's jade irises made Hiccup's breath hitch, and he wrapped his legs around Dagur's abdomen. Their noses brushed, and Hiccup shifted forward to press a small kiss to his lips. Dagur blinked rapidly, but kissed back, and his hips snapped forward almost recklessly. Hiccup grunted and pushed back, attempting to get him to go faster.

He wanted this, he wanted this, he wanted this.

Dagur seemed to take a hint and began to speed up, until he was pushing in and out with such fervor that he was literally rutting Hiccup into the grass. His massive cock slammed against Hiccup's most sensitive area, pressing into it roughly with each thrust.

"Dagur-" he gasped out against his lips, alternating between squeezing his eyes shut and widening them as he adjusted to the pleasure Dagur was giving him. "Oh - _Dagur_-"

His partner could only respond with a more guttural, animalistic sound, his cock twitching inside of Hiccup as he pressed against them, their sweat mingling with every thrust.

"You're mine, Hiccup-" Dagur hissed into his skin as his hips slammed forward.

"Yeah, oh yeah-" Hiccup near wailed as he pushed back against the rough thrust. "All yours..."

Dagur rammed his sex deep within Hiccup countless times, forcing himself in and out as he took control of the dragon rider beneath him. He yanked on Hiccup's hair, pulling him back, and stared down at him with such pure, undistilled lust that it almost took Hiccup off guard. It would have, if not for the fact that Hiccup was pretty much gone, swept away by the unrelenting power of every thrust, forced to take the large dick pounding away at him.

Dagur leaned forward and kissed him violently, yet with so much passion that it brought a surge of extra pleasure to Hiccup and he whined incoherently into their joining of lips, hitching his legs a bit higher so that his knees were in line with Dagur's ribs, heels against the small of his back.

Hiccup was unraveling. All the dark, provocative thoughts he'd ever thought were surfacing, the side of himself he'd been embarrassed by as such a timid teenage boy - Dagur was bringing it out of the dark. He was showing him how to stop hiding.

"Fuck me-" Hiccup cried as his grasp on Dagur tightened.

The sweet, unbearable pleasure was burning him, taking control - his

legs were numb, sweat gathering at every corner of his body, and Dagur was no better off. The ex-chief was losing the little bit of composure he'd had, and was doing just as told - fucking Hiccup with such power that it literally caused him to yelp in arousal.

"You're-" Dagur gasped out, as his helmet slipped to the grass beside them and he buried his head into the nook of Hiccup's jaw. "You're nothing like - nothing like-"

He was almost a broken record, and Dagur released a strange mix between a sob and a laugh, one plaintive and the other sinister, as his words became mumbled, incoherent babbling into Hiccup's flesh while his hips bounced against Hiccup's thick ass with no restraint.

"I'm a demon, Hiccup!" Dagur finally exclaimed, practically weeping as he trembled, incapable of slowing his thrusts.

Hiccup didn't quite understand the comment, or its place, and he wouldn't have, even if his eyes weren't rolling back and he wasn't gasping with every harsh press against his prostate. Still, he found just enough sense in him to respond, swallowing his moans several times in order to get ahold of himself as the pummeling assaults on his ass were merciless (after all, Berserkers did tend to play for keeps).

"N... No, you're not," Hiccup muttered shakily, his words faltering with the sweltering pleasure that was making it hard to focus. "You're not a demon, Dagur - a-ah..."

Dagur didn't slow, but Hiccup could tell that this response took him off guard as his thrusts became slightly less controlled and he balled up Hiccup's hair in his fist. "Then... What- what-"

"You're-" Hiccup's sentence was broken by a quick, sharp moan, "-just a kid, like- like me-"

Dagur orgasmed unexpectedly, the moment those words sunk in, accentuating his climax with a startled cry. He fucked Hiccup until he was spent, and Hiccup too came, with a loud groan, his hot wet cum shooting out in thick spurts and coating his abdomen.

They stayed frozen in their position for several seconds, until Dagur's flaccid length slipped out, and he collapsed to the side of Hiccup, one arm still wrapped over him possessively.

Hiccup stared at the sky above him as he came down from his high, slowly beginning to realize what had just happened.

He glanced over to where Toothless had been, only to discover that the dragon was facing away from them, ears down and pawing at the ground. Toothless glanced over, looking a little confused and weirded out, before he looked back to the distance. Hiccup wasn't exactly sure what sort of connotations sex had to dragons, but apparently, it embarrassed Toothless.

What startled Hiccup himself was that he... Wasn't embarrassed. Not a lick of anything unpleasant coursed through him, in fact. No... He didn't even so much as regret what had just transpired. Hiccup's gaze

swept to the teen laying beside him, and he wondered if the same were true for the other half. Dagur was staring rather blankly at the stars, his eyes dim and thoughtless as he lay there. Hiccup scooted a bit closer to him, on his side, and took Dagur's helmet in his hands to gently caress the metal. It always helped him to talk when he had something to fiddle with.

He sat up and promptly cringed, instantly deciding it better to lay down instead. "Uh, wow. So that happened," he commented blandly.

Dagur made a soft humming sound, looking to Hiccup momentarily and then back to the sky.

"It wasn't really that much of a punishment." He shrugged as he thumbed over the thick metal of the helmet in his grasp. "In fact, I uh, kind of..."

Dagur sat up suddenly, turning to face Hiccup with an alarmed expression. "You liked it?"

Hiccup shrugged again into the grass with a quirked grin. "Well, it was definitely something."

Dagur continued to stare at him, as though attempting to pick him apart. Hiccup coughed into his wrist and forced himself to sit up.

"Dagur... It was never easy to make friends with Toothless. But he and I are as close as it gets now. After tonight, I was wondering..." He stared down at the helmet in his hands, seeing the reflection of the stars gleaming against the metal. "If maybe you'd be interested in a deal, too."

Dagur inched a bit closer, indicating that he was listening.

Hiccup turned to face him. "Stay with me. Stay, and become one of us. You don't have to die... You don't have to go back. You can stay here, with me, and you can change."

"I can..." Dagur swallowed thickly, blinking rapidly. "...Change?"

"How about it, Dagur?" Hiccup smiled, holding out the helmet.

Dagur took hold of the helmet, staring into it for a moment or so, before his eyes returned to Hiccup's and he leaned forward to engage the dragon rider in a chaste kiss to signal that he agreed.

In the distance, the sun began to rise.

* * *

><p>Crappy, terrible rushed ending, but I simply couldn't leave it as-is. I hope you all enjoyed. Thanks for reading.

End
file.